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Vol. 18 No.6

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Amazing Amanda, Page 51. Hendon's historic aircraft, page 62.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Eichmann:	How the Israelis brought a Nazi war criminal to justice	*R Hudson-Smith*	40
Aslan's Angels:	Another masterpiece from France's top erotic artist		45
Historic Hendon:	World War Two aircraft live again	*Richard Nichols*	62
GIRLS			
Helena:	You'll fall for our nudest parachutist	*Michael Ancher*	13
Diana Rides to the Ritz:	Going bare in the Bentley	*Roy Brewington*	32
Amanda:	Stepping out with the daring dancer	*John Allum*	51
Karen:	Weymouth's wonderful Carnival Queen	*John Allum*	67
Madeleine:	All hail our handsome cabbie	*Ed Alexander*	80
Pauline:	A South Ken cutie bared	*Mario Marnoto*	97
Beth:	We've shot the gamekeeper's daughter	*Donald Milne*	108
HUMOUR			
Law and Disorders:	Soliciting for laughs	*Brian Forbes*	23
A Man Against Women:	The brigadier speaks out	*Peter Tinniswood*	48
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		107
INFORMERS			
Dashing Cavaliers:	Vauxhall's top-seller	*William Boddy*	76
Quest:	Turned-on by video		87
FICTION			
Growing PHAT:	A humorous allegory of modern living	*John Fergus Ryan*	20
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Lingerie** page 103/ **Best of Mayfair** page 112		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 8/ **Book Society** page 26/ **Photo Service** page 27/		
	Back Numbers page 30/ **Film Club** page 92/		
	Subscription Details page 93/ **Binders** page 94		
CRITICS	Discs, Eating Out		27

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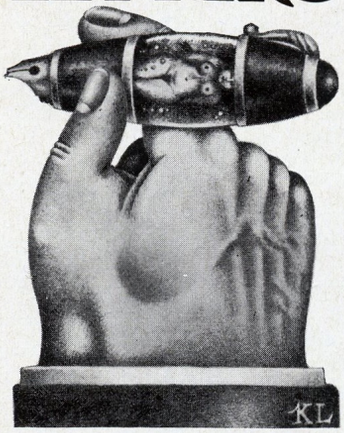
LETTERS



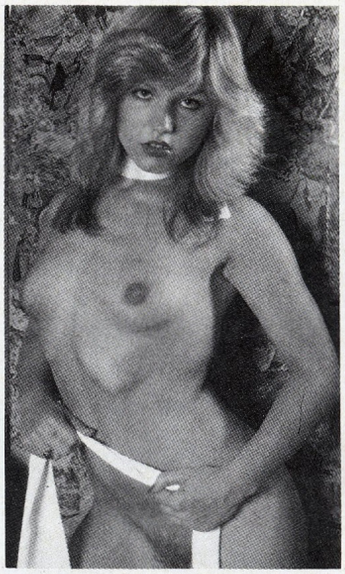
You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I have just bought Vol 18 No 4 of *Mayfair* and I must write to congratulate you.
Experience has shown that on average one can expect one memorable girl in each issue, possibly two. But in this edition you gave us three. I refer to Lisa Humphries, Sybille Rauch and Corrinne Lewis. What a magnificent triumvirate of delightful femininity. Let's see one again soon.
Ian Whittaker, Irving, Ayrshire

Miss Lisa Humphries is without doubt the most beautiful girl you have photographed for a long time. The picture on page 17 is really gorgeous. Meantime can we possibly see her again? I shall be pining away until you do.
ARS, Bridgwater

I saw the most beautiful woman in creation today. Only 20 years old, a stunning blonde with a 34-24-36 body. Every time I look at her my heart beats faster, and I have this feeling in my loins. Her name is Lisa Humphries and I wish I could tell her how beautiful she is to her delightful face . . . Oh well, I can hope!
E Robson, London W2

Lisa Humphries was an undoubted success with readers. Here's another quick look at her until we are lucky enough to feature her again.



Your feature on Austin Tens and Twelves in Vol 18 No 4 was wonderfully nostalgic for me. Not only because they were grand old cars but because, by chance, one of my first ever sexual experiences was in one.
The car really belonged to my father. It was a light Twelve Harley like the one pictured on page 62. I had purloined it for the evening to go to the pictures with my girlfriend at the time. I can't remember the film except that it was almost certainly an early Gary Cooper one – Bess (name changed) was mad about him.
All during the film I kept trying to pry her attention away from the screen, but she kept pushing me away. I was beginning to feel that I had wasted the shilling for the tickets.
However when I took her home in the car it was a different matter. Suddenly she was all over me, filled with the passion the film had provoked, and the front seats became a venue for a great deal of kissing and cuddling. The old Harley rocked backwards and forwards as she got more and more excited. When my father bought it, I doubt whether that was what he had in mind, because the seats were definitely not made for sex. In fact we never did manage it in the Twelve. We had to go to the local common to satisfy ourselves. Nonetheless, seeing it again in your excellent feature by Andrew Morland, certainly brought back some memories.
B Beamer, Rickmansworth

I was glad to see that *Mayfair* has started to do reviews of the latest videos, and may I say how good your column is. Mr Alexander's descriptions are clear and concise, and concentrate on those parts of the film readers really want to know about. I only started renting a video recorder recently, and have been very impressed by the wide range available. What's more it is quite useful in attracting the girls. The offer of watching a film starring Burt Reynolds or Paul Newman after a night in the pub can have them curling up in your arms.
I do like erotic ones too, but none of them have come up with what I'd like to see. What about Joanne Latham in tight disco pants and top slowly peeling them off, or the covergirl in Vol 18 No 3 taking off her rugby top for real? But the videos do bring back happy memories of a few years ago when cine film was popular.
I was very keen on film making, and used to coerce all my girlfriends to appear in my films. Needless to say, there were some very 'adult' ones. There is no doubt that my home movies wouldn't have won any awards in the cinema but they certainly appealled to my particular whims. Slow strip teases were one of my fortes especially using girls with big boobs. There were even belly dances nude featuring Pauline (name changed) whose 36 inch boobs had a lovely swing to them.
Now I suppose people are doing the same thing with video cameras as I was then. Well that's progress, I certainly enjoy looking at the results. Carry on the good work, Mr Alexander.
PW, Greenham

My husband and I are regular readers of your magazine. I enjoy the articles and letters while he drools over the pictorials, which I must admit do feature some stunning models, and are never crude.
The reason for my letter is twofold. Firstly very few letters from female readers appear in your magazine, understandably, and secondly I would like to tell you about my husband's fetish. Other readers might like to try it, or simply enjoy reading about it.
Ever since we met five years ago, my husband has been incredibly turned on by sexy materials; silks, nylons and satin. I think I must have one of the biggest collections of knickers in the country as Barry is always buying me new ones – the last count was 63 pairs! Our

turn to page 10

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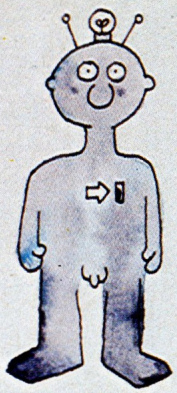

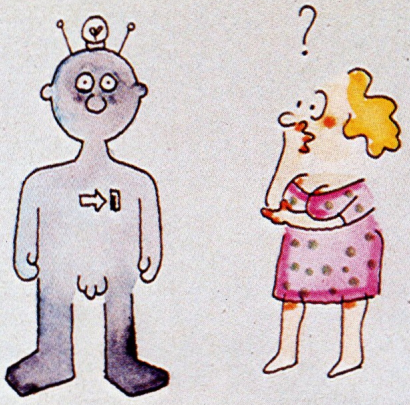
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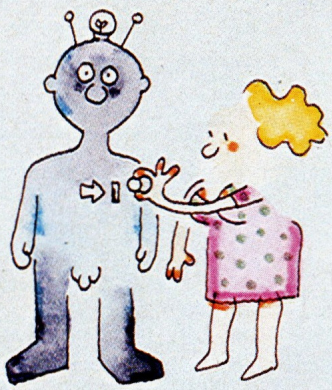

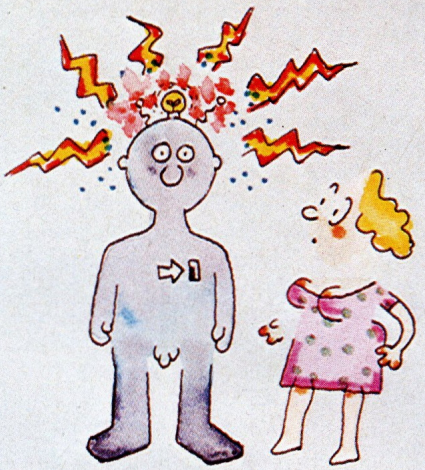

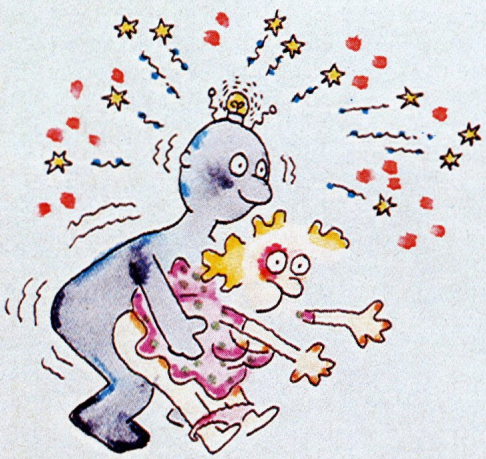

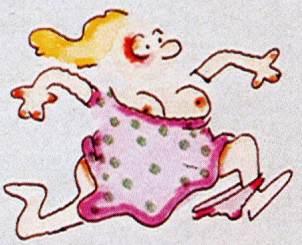

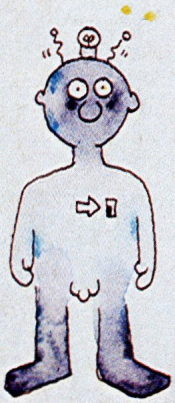

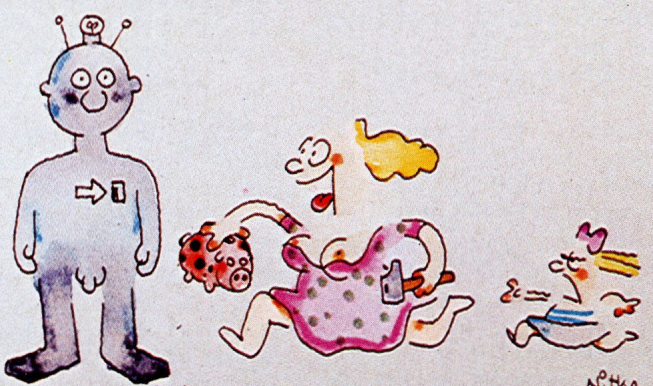
NITKA

LETTERS

continued from page 8

sex life is very good, and we enjoy normal and oral sex most nights. Recently however, he has been catering for his fetish by what can only be described as a form of mutual masturbation, which I enjoy as much as he does. Allow me to explain.

After mutual foreplay or oral stimulation, I will lie face down on the bed wearing a pair of my briefest, silkiest pants, hold up stockings and sometimes a half slip. My husband then lowers himself onto me (he's not very heavy thankfully), so his erect penis lies facing upwards along the crease of my bottom. He then slips a vibrator into me which buzzes away while he rubs himself over my nylon-clad bottom. The weight and movement of him is terrific, combined with the vibrator, and he nearly always makes me climax before he does so as well all over my bottom (somewhat messy but very nice).

We have also developed further ways of performing this act. One in the doggy position is most stimulating. He pulls my knickers down so he can just rest his balls inside the elastic edge. I allow him just enough room to slip his member between my thighs then he pumps as in normal sex. If he wears a French tickler on his shaft, it is superb.

This may sound rather a strange fetish but I have to admit to enjoying it. We have tried introducing baby oil which is wonderfully messy.

(Name and address withheld)

I am writing to protest about your article on the Gurkhas in Vol 18 No 4.

I did not enjoy the so-called anecdotes, in fact I was disgusted. Nor was I impressed by the Gurkha's blind ignorant obedience which the author likes to label 'bravery' and 'courage'.

Martin Bedwell, Reigate

Can I say how much I enjoyed your feature, *Gurkhas: Britain's Deadly Hill Men from Nepal*. It perfectly captured the astonishing fighting spirit and tenacity of this famous regiment who have long deserved such recognition. I have fought alongside the Gurkhas on many occasions and can honestly say that there are few troops I'd rather have with me. I'd certainly hate to have them against me. On behalf of them, I thank you.

Col EE, Aldershot

I wonder if any of your other readers have had sex whilst in hospital.

I was rushed into hospital with a strangulated hernia which was extremely painful, but fortunately after a successful operation, I was sitting up in bed although I was told I would be in for ten days. The first three days were murder but then things got better in more ways than one. The pain disappeared, and the night shift changed. One of the new nurses was a girl called Clara (name changed) aged about 19, with brown hair, hazel eyes and a tremendous figure.

On the sixth night of my stay in hospital I had been in the dayroom watching a late film and fell asleep. I was woken by Clara who had been sent to look for me. I got up but a sudden pain went through me and I fell against her. For some reason she gave me a kiss. I responded giving her a long lingering one in return. Her hand then slipped inside my pyjamas, and mine slid up her thigh. I couldn't believe my luck. Unfortunately we then heard footsteps, and so we stopped but she told me to be in the dayroom the next night.

At about half past ten the next night I was in the dayroom having forgotten what she had said. Then she walked in. At once we started kissing and fondling but she stopped me. 'Not here,' she said, and led me by the hand down a passage. We went into a consultant's room and locked the door behind us, smiling.

There was a couch in the room, and she pushed me on it. 'I must examine your operation,' she said pulling down my pyjamas. She took one quick look at my stitches and muttered, 'They'll hold!' The next minute she was peeling down her tights and panties, and had climbed on top of me and had me in her hands. My fingers nervously undid her uniform, then her bra and I caught her breasts as they fell into my hands. They were large, and I dived into them. As I bit her nipples she started moaning. I was rampant, and she was wet. Then I felt my tool being grabbed, and the next moment Clara was riding it. It was agony, a gorgeous agony. She

turn to page 112

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HELENA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

It's not often that we can say our models come to us from out of the blue, but Helena Blake did, quite literally. For when the pretty 21-year-old isn't making men's hearts leap, she's leaping herself – out of aeroplanes at 5,000 feet. Sensual 34–23–34 Helena is a budding sky-diver, you see, who rarely comes down to earth at all. 'I'm at it most weekends,' she told us, referring to the parachuting, of course, 'and since I've learned to free fall, I really have been hooked.' The fellow aeronauts at her flying club are also only too glad to have a girl member in such a male orientated group, especially one as attractive as Helena. 'You'd be amazed at some of their unusual ideas,' she laughed.

'One of the lads suggested I did a jump nude,' she told us, 'but that's out of the question. Do you know how cold it is at 5,000 feet? They'll have to make do with this set in *Mayfair*. I expect it will be on the notice board before long.' But when Helena isn't indulging in daredevil activities, she confesses that she prefers the comfort of her home in Stratford-on-Avon to the bright lights and brash music of

the disco. 'I'd happily lounge around my flat for days, if my boss would let me. Sadly he expects me to come in and do some filing now and then.' But does he know about Helena's other life as a daring sky-diver? 'I wouldn't dream of letting him know,' she commented. 'He'd want to see me do "crumple falls" off the filing cabinet or leap out of the office window, if I know him. Let's just say it's our little secret.'

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE ANDERSON

The Old Moore House was a national landmark. So what? 'You were supposed to have that old bitch out of there by now,' screamed the Doctor. 'I want it bulldozed'

GROWING PHAT

An allegory of modern living by John Fergus Ryan

'Mallory's Mouse Cakes is here to see you, Mr Landis,' said Miss Norway.

Landis was Goodwill Coordinator at the city's PUBLIC HOUSING AUTHORITY and TRADITION, and the one who had added 'TRADITION', making possible the acronym PHAT.

It had been his greatest triumph.

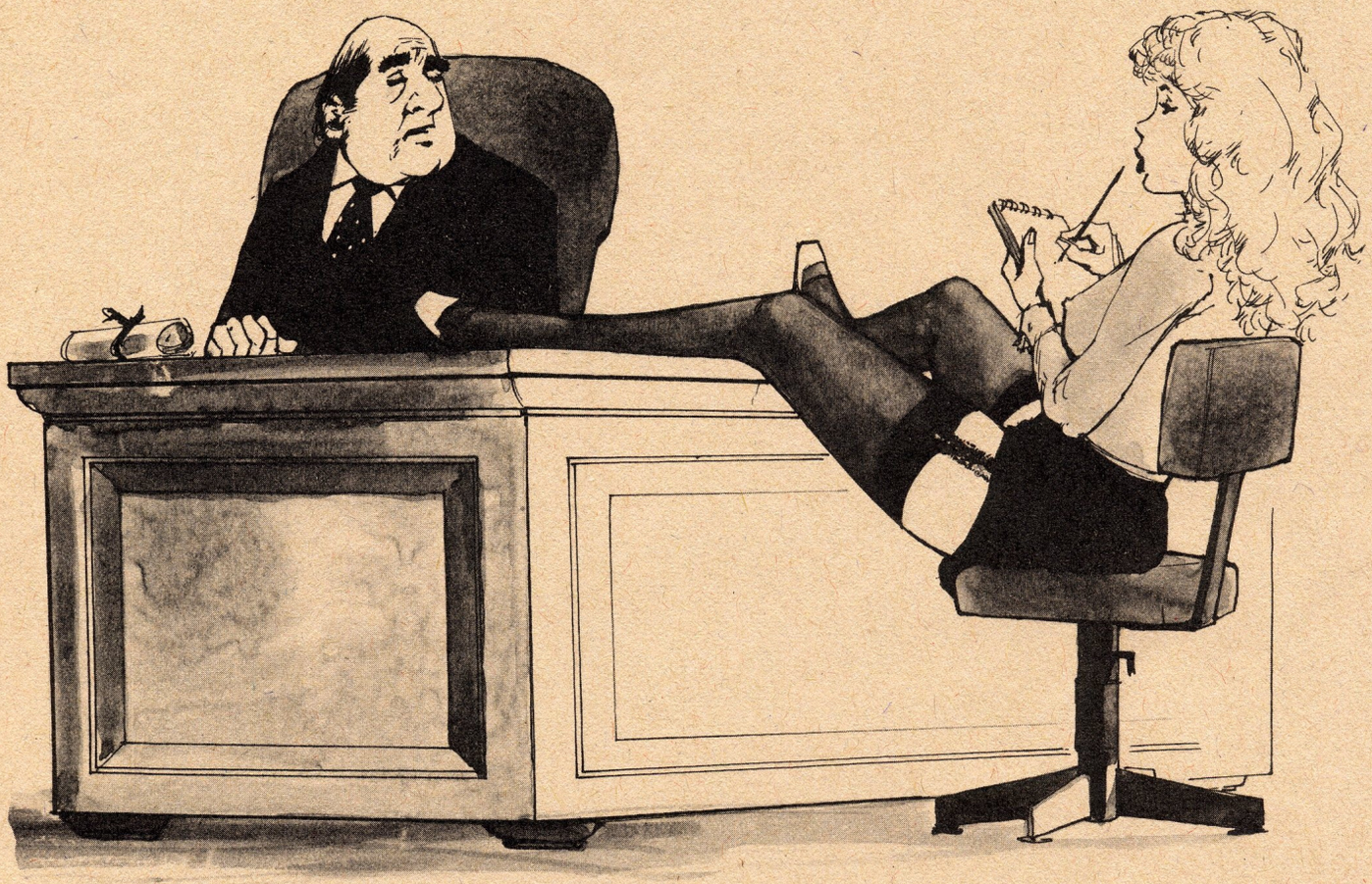
He was preparing a report to Washington on the number of people living in public housing in the city who had Hispanic surnames. The actual total was 17 but he claimed 181 making PHAT eligible for more federal aid.

'Send him in!' said Landis.

Mallory's Mouse Cakes was what PHAT called the large, pie-thick wafers of Benzatrox it used to kill rats in the public housing projects. It sounded less threatening than 'rat poison', and besides, officially, there were no rats in the projects.

A salesman, known only as 'Mallory's Mouse Cakes', came around once a month to get his payment vouchers signed.

'I went out to the Tower yesterday,' said the salesman, as Landis filed an invoice. 'Looks



'I put it to you, Miss Wilson, that a time will come when this will be insufficient compensation for your inability to take more than 15 words a minute . . .'

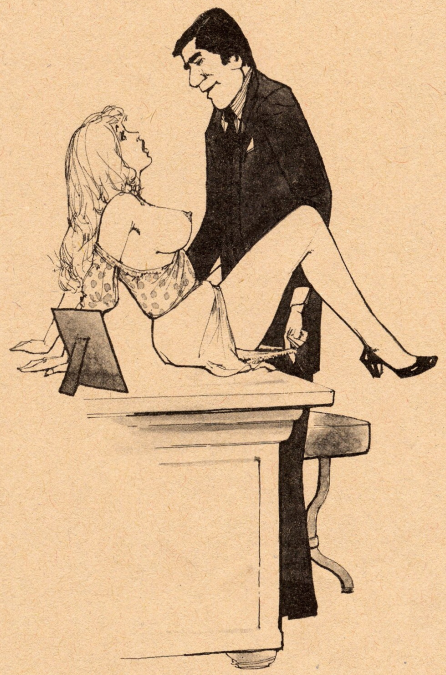
Putting it in the hands of a good solicitor

Nobody understands legal matters like a solicitor, but cartoonist Brian Forbes imagines that alone with their secretaries they are probably a law unto themselves

'Mr Dimwhistle, you're due to read a will in five minutes.'

'I have to go now, Lucy, I think my boss wants to carry out a search.'

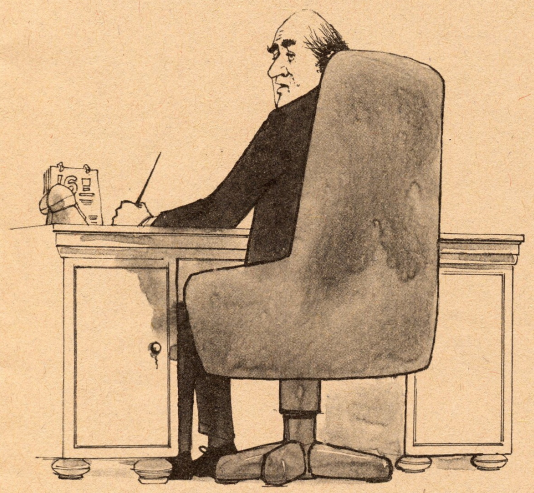
'Sorry, darling, I shall be late for dinner. I've got to get out of a suit.'



'Figuratively speaking, Miss Soames, I am about to show you the difference between a restraining order and an injunction.'

'I don't normally do this, Miss Jackson, but how about a drink to celebrate a successful exchange of contracts . . .'

'You could say that Mr Fogg is Habeus Corpus *at the moment.'*



'Surely the agency told you that the first thing we do is examine today's briefs.'

Diana rides to the Ritz

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Going out for dinner with George was always such a bore. I mean, he couldn't help it, poor dear, but whatever I did to, well, spur him into action, never seemed to move him in the slightest. So when he asked me out for a meal at the *Ritz*, I thought I was in for the usual frustrating time. Still, the dinner would be good and it provided a chance to stretch out in the back of George's beautiful Bentley. Who knows, this time the stodgy old fool might let his hair down a bit. But it didn't seem likely. There I was all in white, snuggling into the rich, leather upholstery giving him more come-ons than a policeman on point duty, and he was still discussing the weather. Then suddenly I felt his hand touching me . . .

That's not like George, I thought, but be grateful, Di, this could liven up the whole evening. So I lay back, and let him pull my dress a bit further apart until his limpid orbs could feast upon my eager boobs. But then – surprise, surprise, I felt his fingers as they edged towards my panties.

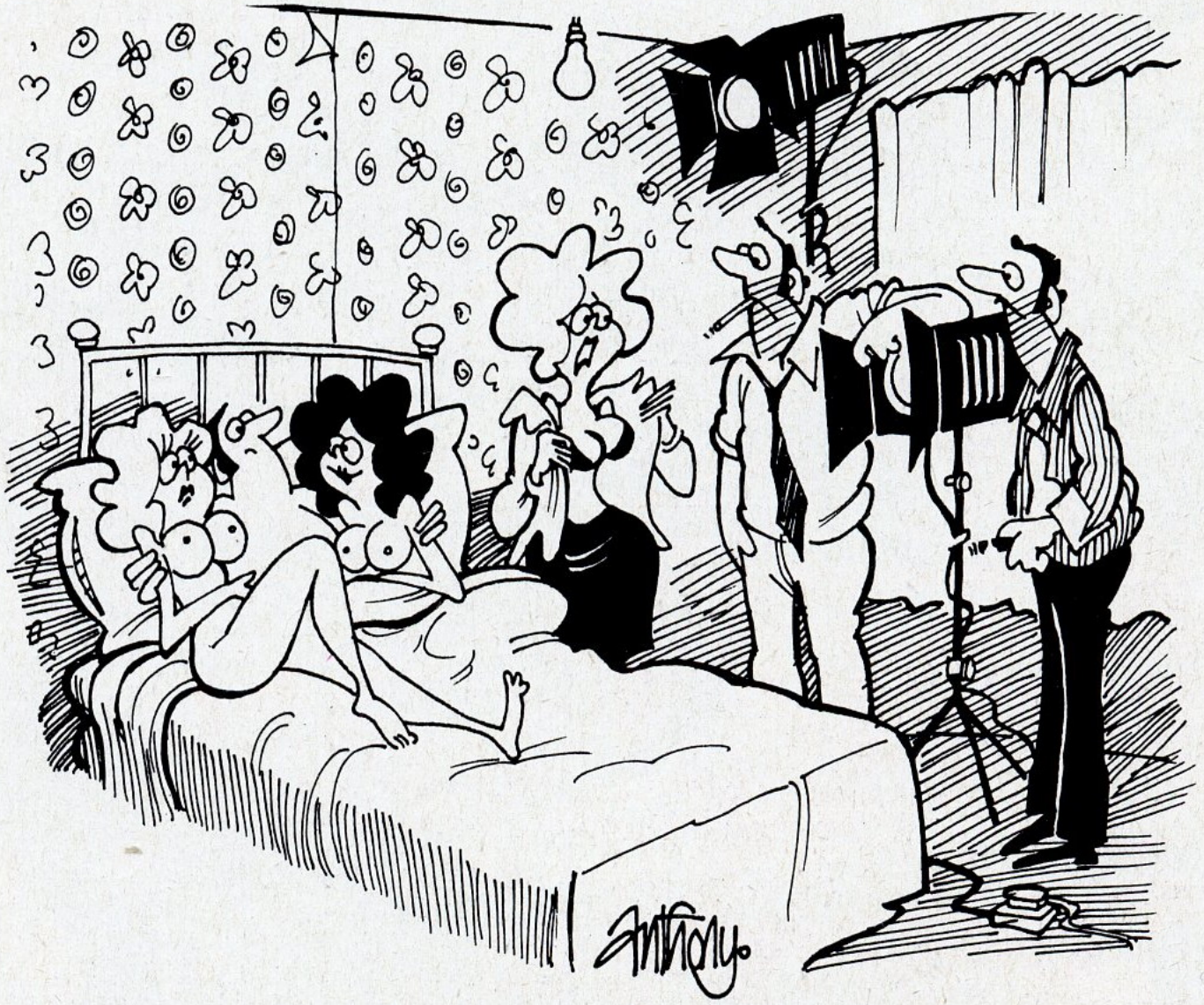
Slowly, he eased the elastic aside and I felt one, then two fingers pushing inside my panties. Really, George, I've heard of sharing an aperitif but this is different, and, come to think of it, much more fun. I only hoped Charles the chauffeur didn't spot us in the mirror, he might have driven into a lamp post. But happily he kept his eyes discreetly on the road.

Then just as I thought he'd finally found enough courage to pull them down completely and really enjoy himself, he stopped. Typical of old George, he has a good idea and never follows it through. Well now, he might have thought he'd seen enough action that night but I hadn't. It's times like this a girl has to do-it-herself. So I pulled them down.

Had I done the right thing? George still didn't seem to be moved much. He just sat there smiling, wondering whether there might be people peering in the tinted windows at the traffic lights near Piccadilly. Then I had an idea, I knew what old George needed.

A glass of champagne! It works for nervous men as well as girls, and suddenly he was a different man. I felt his hands all over me, as he stroked me passionately.

'Oh, George, George,' I whispered as we revelled together in the sumptuous car and I knew that riding in a Bentley would now take on a whole new meaning. Then suddenly I felt a draught around my bottom and a voice. The door had opened, the voice was Charles'. 'Sir, madam, the *Ritz*. Or shall I go round the block?'



'Is it essential to the plot?'

Aslan's Angels

Heart of Sapphire,
A jewel set in an ivory sea.
How precious you are,
How rich and deep,
And how I long to explore your innermost secrets.
George McIntyre (1912–1969)

'You know a cold shower keeps you healthy, Henry. It stops you becoming over-sexed.'

Amanda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

Roedean school is world-renowned and gives a proper education to the daughters of the wealthy and the famous. They also turn out beautiful English roses, if 20-year-old Amanda Chaler is anything to judge by.

Amanda, whose 34-22-34 figure would put her top of any class, tells us she was at Roedean from the age of 10 to 18. 'By the time I left I had managed to get eight O and two A levels. I enjoyed myself at the school and got on well with the teachers, though I must admit I was quite naughty on occasion.'

Roedean wasn't too far from her home, because Amanda was brought up in one of the small villages on the outskirts of Brighton. She now lives in south London, and you will often find her in West End clubs like *Stringfellows* or *Xenon*. 'I also like drinking in my local. It's just down the road in Balham.'

Amanda has been taking dancing lessons since she was three, and when she left school she worked in clubs all over the world, from Italy to the Seychelles, before returning to England. 'I still take regular classes at the Dance Centre.' At one of her engagements Amanda had to change in her employer's bedroom, which led to an amusing incident. 'I was trying on costumes and took my knickers off. Then I had to dress in a hurry and forgot to put my knickers on again. I didn't think any more about it until a few days later I received a parcel by post. Inside I found my knickers, neatly washed and ironed, and there was a note saying "what a nice surprise". It really made me laugh.'

In these days of feminism and men being branded as chauvinists, it is refreshing to hear Amanda's thoughts on the subject. 'I am not a women's libber at all. Perhaps women are exploited, but they don't mind. It seems to me that the women's libbers have an axe to grind. Often they are the sort who aren't feminine or attractive and are resentful.' Not surprisingly, she likes her men to be tough, and preferably tall, slim and dark.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
AMANDA CHALER

KAREN BULL

Weymouth Carnival Queen

When this issue of *Mayfair* hits the news stands there are likely to be a few red faces down in Weymouth. For voluptuous 20-year-old Karen Bull is their reigning Carnival Queen, and when news leaked out that she was revealing her full 36–22–35 figure for *Mayfair*, the organisers weren't too pleased. 'I haven't been sacked, but they are trying to play it all down until my term of office expires.' She won the title at a contest last year and has enjoyed the various engagements, though she admits, 'I found them a bit nerve-racking.' Karen is expecting her *Mayfair* appearance to cause quite a stir in the small town, but she isn't worried. 'I'm used to all the fuss by now, and I plan to carry on modelling because it is something I've always wanted to do, and I enjoy it.'

Karen's father is a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy and is stationed in Belfast in charge of two ships. She hasn't told him about her *Mayfair* appearance yet, but joked, 'He will probably buy one.' When Karen was a child the family were living in Singapore, but they returned to Weymouth where she went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart boarding school. 'I had a terrible time there, and I missed the boys. It was a very strict school, but we used to creep out at night to discos or even sneak boys in for parties.' Needless to say, Karen was not made a prefect. 'I was threatened with suspension for being naughty, and when I left at 17 I think they were glad to see the back of me.' After that Karen took a secretarial and book-keeping course at South Dorset Tech.

For entertainment Karen enjoys drinking at her local pub, the *Cavalier* in Weymouth. Or she sometimes goes to Southampton for an evening's clubbing. But it was at a local Weymouth disco, the *Cats Whiskers*, that Karen recently had a most embarrassing experience. 'I was there with my sister and I had on a pair of very tight black trousers. While I was dancing away my sister told me the seams had come undone around my bum. I thought she was joking at first, but then all the seams came apart, and I had to make a quick exit for the toilet because I wasn't wearing any knickers. I had to sneak out and get a taxi home. But I can laugh about it now I've got over the embarrassment.' Karen doesn't have a regular boyfriend at the moment, having split up with her last one because he disapproved of her modelling career. But be warned if you see her at a local nightspot and want to ask her for a dance – she likes her men to be hunky and macho, preferably with a hairy chest. When she is not dancing, Karen enjoys walking her dog and reading horror novels.

Madeleine

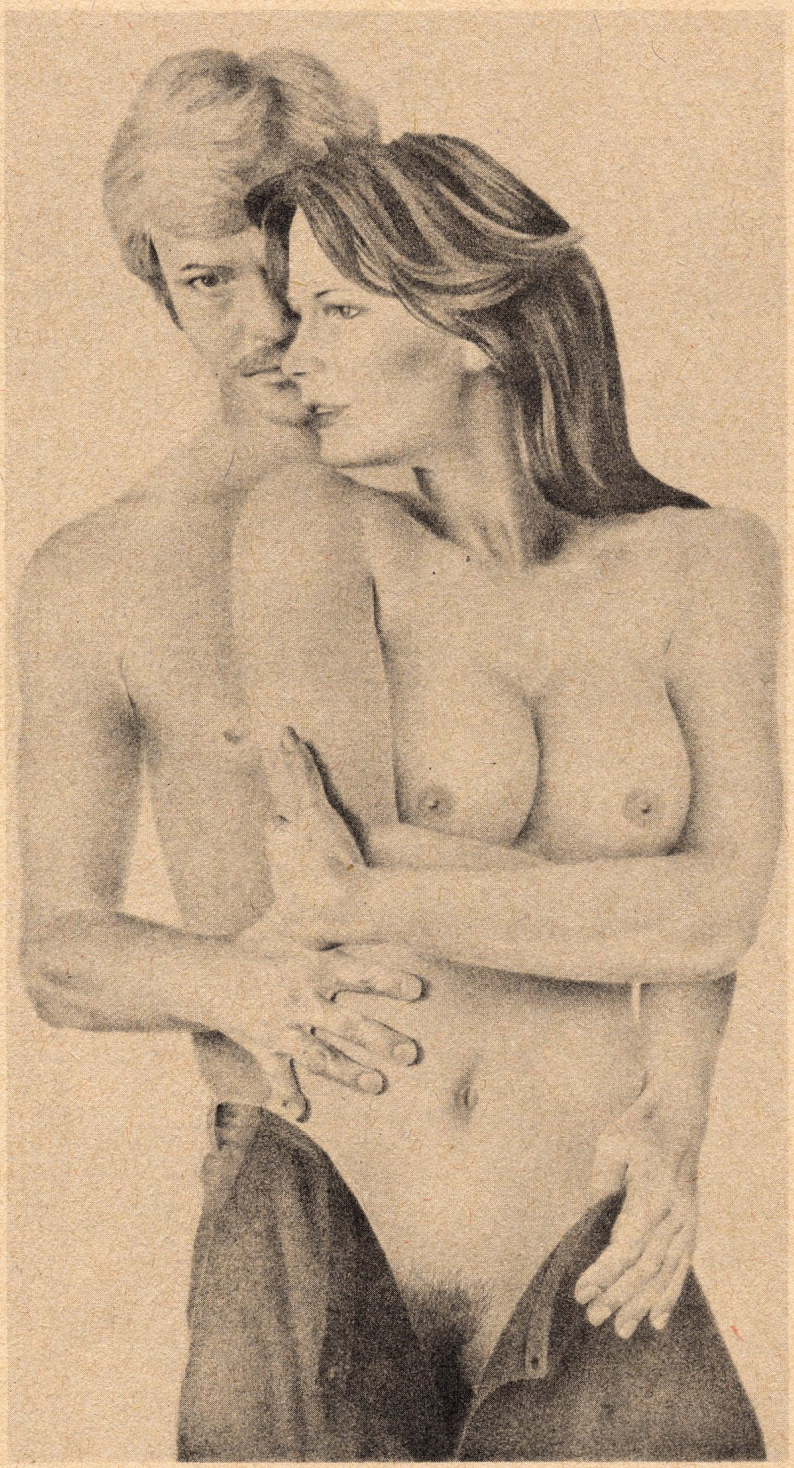
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Here's a tip. If you are ever stuck in London, phone for a cab. And if you are very lucky, the driver might be 22-year-old Madeleine Ford. For during the week, Madeleine works for a mini cab firm in the city taking both passengers and parcels anywhere requested. And the 36-24-36 stunner has certainly had some odd requests! 'I've taken parts for oil rigs up to Aberdeen,' she told us. 'And I'm constantly being asked by tourists to take them somewhere they can have a good time. When I'm feeling really mischievous I leave them at the Lyons Corner House or somewhere like that. God knows what happens then!' But she is normally well behaved. 'I have the biggest tips in the office, 'she laughed.

Seeing so much of London during the week, perhaps it is not surprising that charming Madeleine likes to leave it whenever she can. In fact, she has also started renting a flat on the seafront at Hastings. 'It sounds very grand but in fact it is a lot cheaper than

living in town – and you get the lovely sea air as well.' So Madeleine can often be spotted walking along the front by the *White Rock*, happy to be out of her cab for a while. But she doesn't spend much of her time alone.

Whenever she gets a Friday evening off, she makes for a club in Hastings called *Scallywags*. 'They have theme evenings there,' she said. 'Friday night is "Silly Fun" night.' And that means that anything goes. 'They play party games and daft music. I really love to let my hair down when I'm there; But sometimes Madeleine doesn't wait to get to the club to start her own brand of silly fun. On several occasions pubs in the town centre have found soda siphons missing, and some of the older, more staid inhabitants have to hide in their houses to avoid an unexpected squirt. 'I've always had this zany sense of humour. If I have an ambition it would be to appear with Kenny Everett,' she claimed. 'He's my hero. If I met someone like him, then I'd get married tomorrow.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fifteen

Once a back row fumble in the cinema was a common preliminary to sex. Now it's more likely to take place in front of an erotic video, as this month's three Quest interviewees explain

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

COUNTER CLERK, 21 years old, blonde, town of origin Birmingham

This interviewee worked at a variety of jobs after leaving school. She now works in a local branch of a large building society. She shares a house with relatives.

Quest: Do you approve of erotic videos?

Clerk: I don't disapprove. I've seen some quite sexy ones, but most of them just seem boring.

Quest: But you don't mind using one to seduce a boyfriend?

Clerk: Now that was just Brian. I don't make a habit of it.

Quest: So you don't disapprove of videos in that context?

Clerk: I disapprove when a fellow has to look at dirty pictures before he can get interested in me.

Quest: But Brian was different?

Clerk: He just needed a kick up the bum. He was only shy, that's all. That's what I liked about him.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Clerk: He's about a year older than me, small like I am, very dark which makes him look quite Latin, which I like. He's growing a moustache at the moment to look even more like that. I didn't even notice him at first. He used to come into the branch virtually every day. It was a girl I worked with who pointed him out. She said to me, 'I think that fellow fancies you. He's in here every lunch hour and he always gets in your queue.' I thought she was joking at first, and the next time I looked at his passbook properly and he seemed to be popping the same money in and out. But he didn't say a word to me, even when I talked to him about it. I thought he looked nice though and I don't like men who are pushy anyway. I remember hoping he would come in again or I would run into him somewhere else.

Quest: So how did you meet properly?

Clerk: At a self-service restaurant in the baker's round the corner. I saw him with a tray and he sat down opposite me. He swears he did by accident and knowing him I believe it. He looked terribly surprised when I said hello. Then we just started talking. After that I saw him two or three times there

but it wasn't until the last time he actually suggested going out.

Quest: Did he make any advances?

Clerk: He didn't even hold my hand until the second date! We didn't kiss properly until the fourth date and that was after I'd invited him in. I share a house with my second cousin and her husband but I've got my own part of it on the top floor – it's not as if we'd be disturbed. But he didn't try anything. I was afraid he just didn't fancy me.

Quest: How sexually experienced were you?

Clerk: I got engaged when I was 18 and I used to sleep with my fiancé. That was when I went on the pill. When we broke up there were two or three fellows at parties but nothing serious. I don't think Brian had had anybody – not properly.

Quest: So what did you do?

Clerk: I talked it over with Judy. She's technically a relative but I see her more as a friend, I really like her. I can tell her anything. She told me about this video Dave – her husband – had brought home. They'd just hired a recorder – they were always on about it.

Quest: What was the video?

Clerk: It was a sex one – not really disgusting, just a bit naughtier than the sort of thing at the local cinema. Or so Judy said. They'd got it out of curiosity and to see if it could pep things up a bit.

Quest: Pep things up?

Clerk: Judy was quite open about it. She and Dave have been married seven years, and she said he was starting to flag in bed. She didn't mind. She got a bit bored too at times. So they decided they'd look at some new ideas. Judy said it was better than Dave chasing after some teenybopper.

Quest: Did it give them new ideas?

Clerk: Apparently Dave went off like a rocket. There was a scene where a couple were in a cinema watching another couple have it off on the screen. The couple in the cinema get so turned on the girl takes out the fellow's John Thomas and starts jerking him off. Then he puts his hand down her knickers and they do it to each other. Judy said she started doing that with Dave when they were watching it and in a couple of minutes they were screwing on the living room floor! They had to run the cassette back because they missed half of it.

Quest: So you decided to see if it had the same effect on Brian?

Clerk: Judy really persuaded me. She told me I was stupid not to if I really wanted him. Then she said she and Dave were going to see relatives in Bristol that weekend and I could use the video in their living room if I wanted. So after a couple of days agonising I asked Brian round on the Saturday night. He said he would come.

Quest: How did it go?

Clerk: Awful at first. I was so nervous I nearly made a mess of the meal I was cooking. Then Brian saw the video beside the recorder.

Quest: Did he realise what it was? Did he know it was a sexy video?

Clerk: No – in fact I'm sure. It just had the title on the cassette, which was a girl's name. He asked me if it was that film with Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave. Then he wanted to watch it while we were eating but I wanted us to be sitting down properly if we were so I told him we'd wait. I hardly ate a thing after all that preparation. Afterwards we sat on the sofa to watch it. I did tell him he could put his arm round me as if we were at the cinema so that gave me an excuse to put the lights down too.

Quest: How was the film?

Clerk: I thought it was very good. It was beautifully photographed. It was all about this girl in Hong Kong having it away with various blokes until she finds a real boyfriend. It didn't leave anything to the imagination, but you didn't see things going into other things if you know what I mean.

Quest: You weren't shocked?

Clerk: I tell you what did shock me. The girl who was starring in it. It was like looking in a mirror. I suddenly realised why Judy had been so keen to give it to me. Even Brian

> "He was so turned on by the video I said I'd give him a treat. I undid his trousers and felt him"

said, 'You don't do acting in your spare time, do you?'

Quest: How did he react otherwise?

Clerk: I felt his arm go tense round my shoulder when the first naughty bit came on. I think it was two girls in a school dormitory at night, wandering about naked. He stiffened too, even though we were joking and making silly remarks about the film.

Quest: Did he have an erection?

Clerk: I could see a bump down the side of his trousers.

Quest: But neither of you did anything?

Clerk: I wasn't going to do anything. It might just have been the girl in the film.

Quest: Were you turned on too

Clerk: I was like a jelly inside. And then the bit in the cinema came on.

Quest: And?

Clerk: I could see how Dave had been affected. It really was incredibly sexy. Brian and I both went quiet. Then I said, 'Do you think that's disgusting, what she's doing?' He said, a bit hoarsely, he didn't think it was. Then I asked him if a girl had ever done that to him. He shook his head and looked at me. We were both shaking like leaves. Then he leaned forward and all of a sudden we were kissing. It was really like two magnets snapping together. We held each other and French-kissed for a while then Brian's hand sort of edged under my bust. So I pulled it up over my breast. I still had my sweater on, of course. He slipped his other hand underneath it onto my bare skin, and that's when I stopped him.

Quest: Why?

Clerk: Because I said to him, 'It's me you want, isn't it, Brian? It's not just some nude actress on the telly.' He grinned and said, 'I've wanted you like crazy from when I first saw you. It's stupid but I was terrified if I tried anything you'd run a mile.' That made me glow all over. So I grinned at him and said, 'Just for that, love, I'll give you a special treat. Lie back now.' I got down on the carpet, unbuckled his trousers, eased them down. Then very carefully I peeled down his underpants and saw this beautiful shiny top, and tight balls underneath. I put my hand round the foreskin and pulled the tip towards me – he was so incredibly hard, and burning – then I put out my tongue and licked round the edge. He gave such a jump I thought he'd explode in my face, but he held himself back and whispered my name over and over again. So I wet my lips and pulled him back and this time sank him right inside. I don't think I've ever been more excited. It was like being in touch with the most secret, most intimate part of him. I could feel him throbbing in me. I started to lift my head up and down, being very gentle with his foreskin. And he began to grunt and gasp, and go really tense. He reached down to push me back but I shook my head quickly. I wanted him to do it in my mouth. I wanted to be the first girl to do that for him. And when he groaned he jerked really violently and I felt him come. I didn't tell him till later that that was my first time too.

Quest: With oral sex?

Clerk: My first fiancé wanted me to but I just didn't want to then. It was different with Brian somehow.

Quest: Did you have intercourse too?

Clerk: We did upstairs afterwards. Brian stayed the night. And it was gorgeous. If he hadn't told me I'd never have known Brian hadn't been doing it for years. And it's got better and better ever since.

Quest: Thanks to Judy's video?

Clerk: Oh we didn't even see the end of that. Thanks to the naughtiest bit, yes.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

PERSONNEL OFFICER, 26 years old, town of origin Leeds

This male interviewee obtained a degree at a Midlands university before joining the personnel department of a firm specialising in electronics. He recently bought his own flat.

Quest: Could you explain your video theory of seduction?

Personnel officer: My video theory of seduction? Actually it's more of a working hypothesis. It needs a lot more research.

Quest: So it does work in practice?

Personnel officer: You sound as if you want me to be serious about it! It was only something I dreamed up with some friends.

Quest: But it did result in you having sexual experiences you might not otherwise have had?

Personnel officer: Well, it helped, I suppose. Mostly with Jane's mother, which I didn't expect at all! The idea is a sort of updated cinema theory – you know, you take some woman, one you want to get off with, to a good, weepie picture – preferably with a strong hint of sex – and it helps the softening up process for when you come back home for a coffee and make your move. Well, with a video you're already at home

with booze at your elbow and the bedroom just across the room, if you reach that far. Then there's a hardcore version. That's the– 'I've-never-seen-a-blue-movie-in-my-life' approach. But since a friend left it lying around I'm sure it would be a laugh. What do you say? Very few girls, that I know anyway, have actually seen one and they're generally curious. So you sit down and have a good laugh at it, meanwhile boiling over inside until you suddenly leap on each other and screw madly. I think it really only works if you're already involved with someone.

Quest: You have evidence for that?

Personnel officer: Oh we had a classic field experiment in the flat I used to share. Sorry about the jargon but I was in it with three other students from my university course. It wasn't a video, actually – it was a black and white, silent film in 16mm one of my flatmates bought off someone in a pub – or so he claimed. He was in the college film society so he borrowed a projector and we looked at it. Then we invited some girls we knew round to see it with drink and things to eat. Three of them turned up. One was practically living with the film buff anyway – I was with a girl called Diane I'd been going out with for nearly two years; she was in the year below me. One flatmate had a girlfriend at home and the last had just started seeing a girl called Edwina, who was very severe, a bit plain, wore glasses. But he was fairly intellectual so we thought they'd get on – though none of us thought she was the type to ask to a blue movie.

Quest: Can you describe the movie?

Personnel officer: It was supposed to be a male model posing for an artist – quite a pretty dark-haired girl; she certainly had a nice body. He starts just wearing a pouch then the girl decides it's better off. She undoes it for him, does a double take at the size of his cock, starts to stroke it and suck it and in a minute they're screwing all over the place. That was a good three quarters of the film – it only lasted about twenty minutes. They did it in every conceivable way.

Quest: What were the reactions?

Personnel officer: The film buff's girlfriend, Maggie – who was a fairly strong feminist – announced she wasn't going to watch it and spent the next twenty minutes darting in and out of the kitchen for another look. Diane laughed like a drain. Edwina sat in stony silence, sipping her wine. But the bit that provoked most discussion was a position where the man was lying on his back, the girl sat astride his waist with her back to him and she eased his cock into her fanny from in front – like a sort of upside down doggy position. Then the party sort of broke up. Diane and I went to bed.

Quest: With what result?

Personnel officer: Oh she wanted to try out that position! Well, we managed it, just, but we were both the wrong shape or something – we got stuck. Diane laughing hysterically didn't help either. We thought we'd have to call someone to bring a bucket of cold water! Eventually we rolled into a normal doggy position and I brought Diane off like that and came myself. Then I got up to go to the loo. I had to go through the lounge to get to the bathroom, and that was dark too. But as I came down the corridor toward it I heard this grunting and groaning. I cracked open the door and there was Edwina and my flatmate on the carpet in front of the electric fire. He was on his back, naked, and Edwina was on top of him, wearing just her bra and jigging up and down in the position we'd been trying! The only difference was – they were doing it right, which was to have the girl lean right forward over the man's legs, instead of back onto his chest like we'd done. I shut the door again with Edwina hissing, 'I'm coming – oh, I'm coming –' I felt so turned on I went back for another bash with

> "She'd seen the film as a teenager, and it was turning her on. Then her breasts pushed into me"

Diane. So naughty films obviously do have their effect.

Quest: Tell me about Jane.

Personnel officer: I met Jane about a year ago – a couple of months after Diane got married. After university Diane and I got jobs at either end of the country – it just happened that way. Jane was a new recruit to the company – a much sought after young lady.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Personnel officer: Because she was gorgeous – she still is. She was just 20 then – quite short, thick black hair, a beautiful face – massive tits, firm as melons, I can confirm. But terribly moody – you never knew where you were.

Quest: Where were you?

Personnel officer: We screwed on our second date, which is good going for me. She said that I was her tenth since the age of fifteen and I think that was probably the truth. We did it only a dozen or so times, usually at my flat when she came for the weekend. Towards the end I spent most of my time at her mother's house waiting for her to turn up for dates. She really was a bit of a cow then. I know why. She'd just finished a heavy relationship, she didn't want another one but she did want a man around who'd screw her occasionally and tell her she was gorgeous.

Quest: How did you get on with her mother?

Personnel officer: Better than with Jane most of the time! She was a sort of duplicate model 18 years on – it was uncanny in a way; I couldn't even tell their voices apart on the phone. And her figure was almost as good as well. She and Jane were more like quarrelsome flatmates than mother and daughter. I'm sure there was a real jealousy between them – over boyfriends. I could never tell if the mother regarded me as Jane's young man or just a man.

Quest: Why was that?

Personnel officer: The first time I met her – about the third time I went out with Jane – we went for tea. The minute I was alone with her, expecting polite conversation, she said, 'I assume you're sleeping with Jane?' I was so surprised I said yes. She just looked shrewd and said, 'I thought you were her type. You'll have to keep your energy up, you know. She's a very demanding young woman.' She meant demanding in bed – and this was from her mother!

Quest: Did you think her mother fancied you?

Personnel officer: I thought she might if only to spite Jane. I'm sure that's why it happened.

Quest: What exactly?

Personnel officer: I called round early on Saturday evening to pick up Jane and only her mother was there. She told me Jane had gone to see someone after lunch and wouldn't be long. So we chatted and it got to seven, then eight. Then she offered me a bite to eat. I was so pissed off with Jane I accepted. Then the phone rang. It was Jane – she was at a party somewhere miles away. Her mother took the call and insisted Jane spoke to me, which she obviously didn't want to do. She made vague excuses about not turning up, didn't know where the party was or when she'd be back, if at all. When I got shirty she said, 'Oh keep mummy occupied for the evening. She fancies you anyway.' End of call.

Quest: Did you believe her?

Personnel officer: When I went back into the lounge she said, 'Look, I'm sure you've got dozens of young ladies to visit, but since you're here, why don't you watch a marvellous video I've borrowed and share a bottle of wine.' I said, 'Why not?' frankly because I couldn't be bothered to do anything else that late. Then she told me to set up the video recorder while she had a quick shower and she poured us both some wine.

Quest: Go on.

Personnel officer: The film was *Room At The Top* – a friend had recorded off the box for her. She came down in a rather plain dressing gown and we sat on the sofa with the wine. I don't know if you know the story but it's basically about an affair between a young man and a passionate older woman.

Quest: Picked deliberately?

Personnel officer: Not because of me. She told me it was the first adult film she'd ever seen – a boyfriend had smuggled her into the cinema, back in the fifties. She'd hardly been 16 and – she was getting a bit tiddly by then – he'd interfered with her. Out of devilment really I asked what she meant. 'Oh come on,' she said, 'I'm sure you and Janey get up to far worse.' But I persisted and she said, 'He put a hand into my bra and another one down my knickers, if you must know.' But I could tell she wasn't annoyed, because then she said I must do that with Jane. I said we'd only done it on our first date, which was almost true, but now we always stripped off and got into bed and screwed properly.

Quest: You used those words?

Personnel officer: Yes I did. I knew I was pushing it but I swear she found it a turn-on. She had her legs crossed and her eyes fixed on the screen. Then she asked how I found Jane in bed. I said she was fine, very energetic – I must tell you this is the only conversation I've ever had with a girlfriend's mother like this! Then I asked if Jane had talked about me. 'Oh yes, we tell each other everything,' she said. 'She says you're fine but you finish a bit quickly. You ought to try

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someone a bit slower.' And then she got up and went over to the drinks cabinet. So I got up and went over.

Quest: To do what?

Personnel officer: To apologise really. I mean, I was talking about screwing her daughter. She stayed absolutely still and instinctively, I suppose, I put my arms round her waist. And she gave this violent shudder and more or less collapsed into me. That almost unbalanced me because I wasn't expecting it and my arms came up against her front and felt these soft, squashy mounds of breasts. She didn't seem to have a thing on under her dressing gown. I started to apologise but she said quietly, without turning round, 'Wouldn't it be better if you put the light out?' And I knew we were going to do it.

Quest: To have sex?

Personnel officer: Yes. I went and switched off the light so the only light came from the telly. When I looked back at her she'd undone her dressing gown. I could see a massive cleavage, as big as Jane's, and little glints of light catching in her pubic hair. My cock went up like a fireman's ladder. I went back over and reached out my hand and touched her breast. It wasn't as firm as Jane's but she still didn't need a bra. Then she said, 'Better get undressed first.' So I did, while she watched. When I had she said, almost nervously I thought, 'Jane says you're good at licking.' So I thought right. I pulled back her dressing gown and started at her ear and licked right down her, down her cleavage, over and round each nipple, down her tummy and then into her pubic hair. She trembled more and more the lower I got and moaned when my tongue slid between her pussy lips and onto her clit. By then I was on my knees between her legs, licking upwards, back and forth from her clitty to her bum cheeks. I could feel her lips swell under my tongue and she was wet. Then she gasped and almost collapsed on me – she couldn't keep upright any more. I helped her move down onto the carpet and onto her back. She was gabbling, clutching at my arms – 'Oh, please, you can be rough, I don't mind, don't be kind to me –' so I waited till she was quiet and she looked up at me and I opened her legs and said to her, 'Alright, love, I'm going to fuck you now. Is that alright? I'm going to stick it in.' And I slid forward and slipped the tip of my cock into her fanny and went in straight and smooth as deep as my balls. She went berserk! Every time I moved she seemed to shudder and squeal in a new climax – I could see where Jane got her energy from. In the end I couldn't hold back any longer and I let fly. And she squealed again and wrapped herself round me and seemed to pass out.

Quest: Did you make love again?

Personnel officer: Twice that evening. I got the feeling she was making up for lost time. But never again afterwards – or with Jane. I couldn't imagine her mother not at least hinting at what had happened and I expected an angry phone call. There wasn't a thing. It was great at the time but not a family I want to get involved with. Though I must admit I did get myself a video recorder!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

RECEPTIONIST, 23 years old, red-head, town of origin Chichester

This interviewee left school at 16 to become a trainee at a large London store. After working there for four years she took a job as a receptionist for a firm of solicitors. She shares a flat with a girlfriend.

Quest: Do you consider that Matthew played a dirty trick on you?

Receptionist: Well, dirty, yes. I suppose it's not really fair to call it a trick. I did ask him to show the thing to me.

Quest: A pornographic video cassette?

Receptionist: A blue movie, yes. I was just curious to see what it was like. I didn't intend to sit through it – especially with someone like Matthew sitting next to me. I was supposed to be going out.

Quest: Was this the first one you've seen?

Receptionist: The only one I've ever seen, and I only saw it then because we had the video recorder in the flat. I'd never have gone out to see one.

Quest: But you're used to seeing erotic material in a sexual context, aren't you?

Receptionist: I *knew* I should never have told you about that. . .

Quest: Tell me what happened.

Receptionist: It was round about my last year at school, when everyone was starting to pair off or get serious about exams. I was very keen on a boy called Colin – he was a motorbike fanatic, my parents loathed him!

> 'Sarah started rubbing her huge boobs against Leo, and saying 'Stroke me, go on, I need attention'

He had a friend called Leo, who went out with my best friend, Sarah. They'd been going out together for ages. We'd got to that stage where we were always talking about sex – actually I don't think I've ever got beyond it! But it was the sort of 'What's it really like?' level. – 'How far did you go?' 'Did you let him?' That kind of thing. I knew Leo and Sarah had done it, but I'd only French-kissed and cuddled. I'd felt Colin get stiff against me, through his jeans, but I hadn't deliberately touched him. I'd never even seen a stiff penis! He always acted quite tough but he never forced anything. Obviously he was as uncertain of himself as I was – he just hid it better.

Quest: But your opinion of him changed?

Receptionist: Oh yes, or I'd probably be helping him run the local garage by now. It all started with the hut. It used to be some kind of forester's storeplace, I think, in some woods near us. I remember playing in it as a kid and it was terribly delapidated then. But Colin and Leo sort of moved in unofficially, and really did it up well. They'd no right to be there, of course, but they turned it into a private clubhouse. And that was the annoying thing, because they'd hint at all these evil deeds and wild orgies going on there, but we girls weren't allowed in. Sarah wouldn't put up with that for long from Leo, and so she went with him, and then Colin really had to invite me. So we had our grand orgy.

Quest: How grand?

Receptionist: Well, three jugs of rough cider, two bottles of wine and a little bit of brandy Leo claimed his father had forgotten about.

Quest: What happened?

Receptionist: We told our parents we were spending the day at the beach and we did go swimming but only for an hour or so. Then the boys took us up to the hut. They were sozzled before we were because Leo insisted on showing me his 'rude box.' It was an old cabin trunk absolutely packed with dirty magazines. I don't think any of them were actually pornographic – they were just nude females. I was really astonished Sarah wasn't angry. But she said, 'Oh Leo prefers me to any of them.' And he said, 'Yes, she's got much nicer tits!' Then she batted him and they started chasing each other about. Sarah only had a beach wrap over her bikini and Leo snatched that off and kept pinging her bra strap until it popped undone. Then they fell in a heap on an old sofa. I could see Leo had a bump in his jeans and Colin looked uncomfortable too. We were all laughing but I was wondering if Colin would do anything. Then Sarah started rubbing her boobs against Leo and saying, 'Stroke me, go on, I need attention.' She'd had a huge pair from the age of 14. They started wrestling and Sarah was rubbing the bulge in Leo's jeans and tugging at his zip. I couldn't see exactly what was happening, but then she gave this shriek and I saw she'd got him out.

Quest: You mean his penis?

Receptionist: A fairly massive erection – it looked fairly massive to me, anyway. Then Sarah grinned at me and said they'd just learned a new trick and she did him.

Quest: Did what exactly?

Receptionist: With her mouth – fellated him. The silly thing was we'd both been talking about how you did it a couple of days before. I wasn't sure if she'd been having me on.

Quest: So how did you react when you found she hadn't been?

Receptionist: Well – I did Colin, or I tried to.

Quest: How – by jumping on him too?

Receptionist: No! No, he just took down his jeans and pulled his swimming trunks down. Sarah was orchestrating it. I was curious, I admit, but she made me feel silly that I wasn't copying her. And she was demonstrating with Leo. 'Nice and slowly,' she was saying. 'Keep your throat relaxed – watch me' – It really was awful.

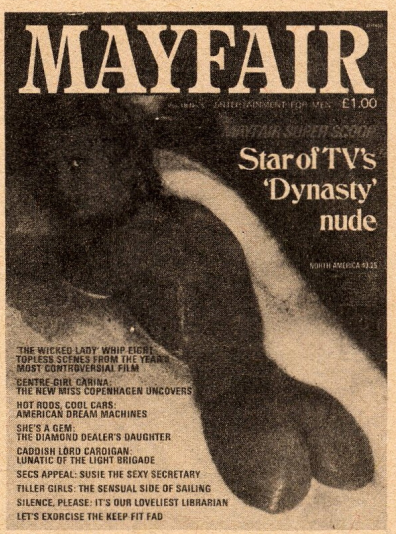
Quest: You didn't enjoy it?

Receptionist: I remember feeling all sorts of things – frightened, incredibly daring, disgusted, guilty, surprised at how hot and how big Colin's thing was – though it didn't look as big as Leo's, thank goodness. Then I put it in my mouth and, he popped straightaway.

Quest: He came in your mouth?

Receptionist: He started to – but I was so scared I just felt a spot of him on my tongue and then – this is so embarrassing – I leapt up and flew outside and was very, very sick. Poor old Colin must have ended up with the most dreadful complex about oral sex! but it

INFLATION BEATER



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was really all that scrumpy that did most of it. I felt so wretched about it all afterwards.

Quest: So it was an unpleasant experience?

Receptionist: At the time, yes. But when I think about it now it's quite a turn-on.

Quest: Like the video Matthew showed you?

Receptionist: Oh that was far worse. They were all doing everything in that.

Quest: Tell me about Matthew.

Receptionist: Matthew is one of five friends of Donald who is my flatmate's fiancé. He insists he's only a boyfriend but that's another story. Matthew and Donald and the others are all in the same TA regiment. They're always rushing off to Salisbury Plain at the weekends. June, my flatmate, gets quite fed up with it. They're all a bit gung-ho but they're quite good fun. Donald is the nicest. I like him. Matthew is one you just avoid being alone with. If you're not careful he'll have your pants off in about five seconds flat.

Quest: Did he ever make a pass at you?

Receptionist: When I first moved into the flat he did. I was so naive then I thought he meant it and it gave me an awkward time with my fiancé – or my then fiancé. By the time I'd sorted myself out I'd begun to realise he did that with every half attractive female. And then I broke up with my fiancé, so I was always missing Matthew.

Quest: Until the video?

Receptionist: I was doing a fast social whirl thing, going out with a lot of people, because I really didn't want anything heavy for a while. I wanted to keep sharks like Matthew at bay. Ironically enough he got the video recorder for Donald – Matthew works in the trade – and Donald had it installed with June and I because he practically lives here.

Quest: Tell me how you saw the blue video.

Receptionist: Donald and June were going away for the weekend, and Donald asked me to wait in till 8.30 on the Saturday night, because Matthew was dropping off a video Donald had to have first thing Monday morning. I assumed it was a training film. And I only agreed to see Matthew when I had the flat to myself because someone was picking me up later. And of course they didn't turn up.

Quest: But Matthew did?

Receptionist: With two litres of wine he claimed he was taking to a party. So he plonked himself on the sofa and insisted on keeping me company until my date turned up. Then he decided it was silly taking two bottles so we opened one and I was persuaded to have a glass. That was when he started being mysterious about the cassette he'd brought. I was slightly curious but I really hate being excluded. Finally I said, 'Well, an army training film would only bore the pants off me anyway.' Matthew grinned and said, 'Well, you could call it a training film for the professionals but you're more likely to take your pants off when you see it than be bored out of them. So I was hooked then. And he put it on the recorder.

Quest: What was it like?

Receptionist: I was surprised how good it was – I mean, it was photographed nicely and the girls in it were very attractive. It wasn't in English. It all took place in a sort of sex club where men sat round with topless hostesses – some were completely naked – and watched acts on a little stage. Those were fairly stupid – a girl dressed up as a schoolgirl and her headmaster, a window cleaner being mistaken for a doctor and giving a girl an examination – they all ended up with the couple having sex.

Quest: What effect did this have on you?

Receptionist: I was turned on! It was dreadful in a way because it was happening with Matthew sitting next to me and if I got up and went away he'd know why. But if I stayed – well, you can't just be with an attractive man when you're worked up and not feel frustrated. What made it worse was that I was wearing a backless dress I'd just bought and I *knew* my nipples were sticking up like brass buttons. Then the big climax – forgive the pun – finally did for me.

Quest: What happened in that?

Receptionist: Oh the club was closing and the owner got one girl to give everyone a last go. She was lying on this table with one fellow between her legs, a fellow in each hand and another with this thing in her mouth. That brought back what I'd done with Colin. Then they all climaxed at the same time. I got up and ran out, and I could feel how damp I was – down there – as I moved.

Quest: What did Matthew do?

Receptionist: He jumped up after me. Rather stupidly, I suppose, I dashed into my bedroom and I was too fuzzled even to put the light on. All I could think of was finding some fresh knickers. And Matthew came up behind me, asking if I was alright, if I'd been upset, and putting his hands on my shoulders. All I can remember is trying to shake him off and half turning so his hand slipped off my shoulder, and brushed the front of my dress. I may not have enormous boobs but my nipples are like bullets and incredibly sensitive. Just having them brushed made the breath rush out of me and I sort of slumped back into Matthew and of course this enormous ridge in his trousers pushed into my bottom. Then he was stroking me, so beautifully, through my dress and sliding his fingers under the material to touch my nipples properly. I was rubbing myself up and down him while he did it, so his bump went up and down the crack of my bottom. He slipped the edges of my dress over my shoulders so that it dropped down to my waist and my boobs were bare. Then he turned me round and began cupping and fondling and kissing them and we sort of floated back onto the bed. I can't tell you how glorious a release that was. It was like every pent-up emotion suddenly went whoosh and there was nothing I could do to stop it. I remember lying back and luxuriating on the cool duvet and feeling him peel down my knickers – I don't know how he had time to take his trousers and pants off. And then he was launching himself on me, so smoothly and marvellously. It was as if I was liquid right down the middle and his cock simply cleaved into me, like a bow slicing through a wave. It was the most sensational sex I'd ever had.

Quest: With or without video?

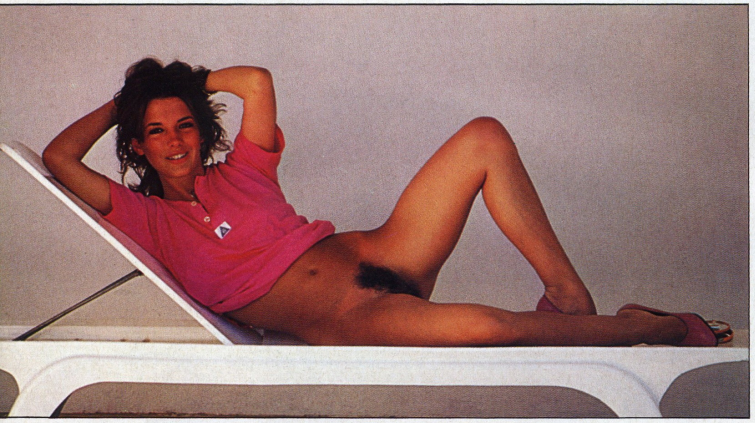
Receptionist: We manage on our own now.

Quest: Thank you.

Pauline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Friends of 20-year-old Pauline Sands stand to lose a fair amount of cash this month when they realise she was not joking about appearing in *Mayfair*. 'They know I like to wind people up with incredibly tall stories, and when I came home from the West Indies after my holiday and told everyone I'd met a *Mayfair* photographer and he'd shot me for the magazine, they thought it was a joke. So I made bets with them.'



Just to set the record straight, Pauline was telling the truth, and our regular photographer Mario Marnoto spotted her when she was lying out on the beach, tanning her 36–24–35 figure to a rich golden brown. 'I'd never dreamed of being a model, but I'll try anything once and I can't wait to see my

friends' reaction when I stroll into *The Embassy*, our favourite club, and casually throw a copy of *Mayfair* onto the table. Mummy thinks it's great fun, and she's probably told half of Kensington by now. But I don't plan on making it my career – I like cream cakes too much to worry about my figure.'

Pauline had bared all earlier in the holiday when she tried water-skiing for the first time. 'I was crouching in the water, and when we took off the skimpy bottom of my bikini was dragged off. There I was, wobbling along on the skis and showing my bare bottom to everyone on the beach. I did not dare take a hand off the bar to wave at the boat to stop because I would have fallen over. When I did stagger ashore they gave me a round of applause, but one gallant chap gave me his straw hat to preserve my modesty. After that I was known in the beach bar as the girl with the beautiful bottom.'

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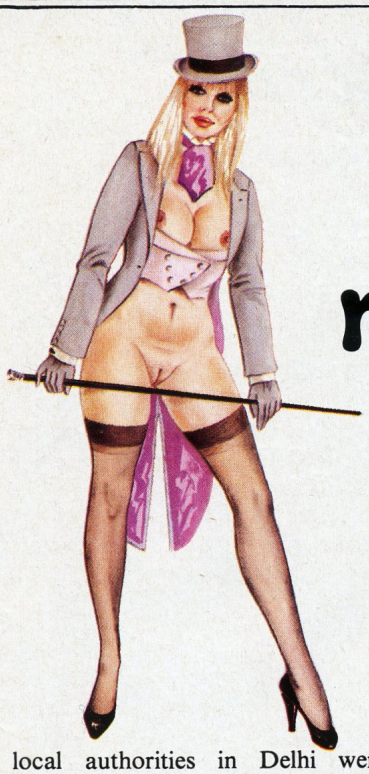
Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB



The local authorities in Delhi were worried that they were not providing enough entertainment for their citizens. They had held several meetings to decide just what could be done to cure the awful boredom in the city. Finally, one of the councillors suggested that since they had proved so popular in other countries, why not run a marathon? They all agreed, and immediately issued advertisements. The next day they were swamped with over two million replies.

'That's no good,' said one of the astounded councillors. 'We can't have two million people running around the town centre at the same time. We must impose some sort of restriction.'

Eventually they agreed to limit the race to city inhabitants who only had sex once a week or less, since they were more likely to need something to do. The next day there were still over a million applicants, and the council held another meeting.

'That's still too many,' cried one councillor, 'how about limiting entries to men who have sex less than once a week, and who have only *one* ball.' It was agreed, but still there were half a million applicants. So the council came up with their final rule.

'So, it's decided,' said the chairman, 'only runners with no balls who have sex less than once a week can take part. If there are still too many we'll forget it.' But fortunately there weren't. Exactly 500 men offered to race under the new rules.

'At last, we have a race organised,' said one of the happy councillors. 'Now what shall we call it?'

One member of the council suddenly looked inspired.

'How about the India Knackerless 500?'

News flash! Thieves have broken into the Kremlin, and stolen next year's election results.

When elderly aunt Bessie died, her sole remaining relative was called in. He was a highly respected Harley Street consultant, and when he discovered the cause of her death, he was flabbergasted.

'But she was such a quiet and respectable lady,' he stammered. 'How on earth can I tell people that she died in bed with two young men whom she'd paid to service her? After all I have the family reputation to think of'.

'Just leave it to us,' replied the police officer handling the case. 'We shall handle the matter with discretion. In my report, I'll just say that she died happily at the stroke of two.'

The Duke's youngest son was sent to the confectioner's to purchase some silver balls which cook wanted to use on a cake she was baking for his brother's birthday. Unfortunately he couldn't find any, and not wishing to return home empty-handed, he bought real ball-bearings instead. As he failed to inform cook she went ahead and decorated the cake with them anyway.

The next day, the result on the family was disastrous. The youngest son ran to his mother, the Duchess, in tears.

'Mummy, mummy,' he cried, 'I've just been to the toilet, and out came a load of hard silver balls.'

The Duchess looked worried, then her teenage daughter ran in.

'Mum, mum,' she cried, 'I've just been sick, and I brought up these silver balls.'

The mother was quite alarmed, but remembering the birthday cake went to the kitchens to investigate, and discovered what had happened. Just then her eldest son came running in.

'Mama, Mama, get the doctor quickly,' he said.

'No, no, it's alright, dear. It was the cake decoration – cook used ball-bearings,' she consoled.

'That may be, mother,' continued the youth, 'but you'll still need the doctor.'

'Why?' said the mother.

'Because I just broke wind, and shot the butler.'

What's the difference between rape and seduction?
Patience.

A young man was growing tired of his intellectual girlfriend. Everytime they settled down to an evening of passion, she insisted on showing off her knowledge on any of a wide range of subjects. So the young lad decided that this time he would beat her at her own game.

'Right, Vanessa,' he said, 'I thought I'd give you a little IQ test.'

'Oh goody,' she said excitedly.

'Now tell me, what do you have if you find nuts on your wall?' The girl thought hard and said, 'Walnuts?'

'Correct. Now what about nuts on your chest?'

'Chestnuts!' she replied with glee.

'Now, what have you got if you find nuts on your chin'

'Er chin-nuts?' asked the girl.

'Wrong,' replied the young man triumphantly unzipping his trousers. 'My cock in your mouth.'

The Campbells, the couple next door,
Are over-sexed people I'm sure;
And it sounds from the shrieks
And the way the bed creaks
That the Campbells are coming once more.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Beth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

To look at Beth Stewart's alluring 35–24–35 figure so beautifully displayed in such delightful feminine underwear, it is difficult to believe that she didn't wear a dress until she was sixteen. 'I was such a tomboy that my mother couldn't get me in one until I got a boyfriend and smartened up.'

Beth, 21, is a true Highland lassie, and she was brought up on a large estate where her father is gamekeeper. 'He showed me how to tie a perfect salmon fly, and from him I learned all the old poaching tricks. But I don't think there's much call for that down here in Ealing.' Beth was tempted down to the bright lights of London and has now found a job as a secretary after taking a course. 'I still tend to get lost in the city especially on the tube.'

Beth loves nightclubbing and doing the rounds of cocktail bars, her favourite being *Rumours* in Covent Garden. 'It's a great way of meeting new people, specially guys, and I can't get over how many handsome men there are down here. Back home they think I'm a bit wild, but I still love the peace and quiet of the Highlands, and when things get too hectic down here I go home to spend a couple of weeks fishing or wandering around the glens.'

LETTERS

continued from page 10

moaned even more now, and rode even harder, holding on to my pyjama top. Her breasts bounced up and down then suddenly with a great surge I came, pumping into her for ages. She fell on me having a massive climax, then we lay in a heap for a few minutes. Afterwards we made our way back to the ward.

We had sex once more on the last night of my stay and that was all I ever saw of her. My wife took me home and I recovered, none the worse for my non-medical activities.

(Name and address withheld)

We suspect that you might have dreamed this under anaesthetic, but we thought it might help any readers in hospital to keep up their hopes (amongst other things).

Summer is here again and it is the ideal time for my particular sport. I'm sure many of your readers will be quite envious when I tell them of the fortunate surroundings I have. I am a dedicated mud-larker especially outdoors at this time of year, and the river banks and back waters at low tide in my area are ideal. We also have a great number of salt marshes.

Mud-larking is not only good fun but a great way to stay fit and, around here, nobody minds what we get up to. It is much under-rated in this country although in California and Florida, thanks to the better climate, it is very popular. Between us we are trying to spread the idea over here.

Any number from two upwards can take part – the more the merrier. We usually start by playing a sort of rugby on a flat area of mud wearing either tight jeans and teeshirts or swimming trunks. As the fun progresses, we get completely black all over and very slippery. Then we roll around in the much deeper mud completely naked, wrestling with each other.

Protection to the nose and ears prevents any problems to the more ambitious of us who, like myself, like to go right under. This is really fantastic; sliding down a soft bank into about four feet of mud. Diving between each other's legs is also fun, though it gets difficult to tell who is who some of the time, until we have bathed in the nearby creek. We also enjoy doing the same sort of thing underwater. This we often do after a mud-larking session, and we are preparing to make our way back.

I would be interested to hear from other fans who might like to join us this year.

Mick, Leigh-on-Sea

I have noticed recently in *Mayfair* several letters from men who enjoy wrestling with their girlfriends. Often the men and girls are large and their activities take the form of fairly violent sex. I thought, as rather a large girl myself, I would write to you to redress the balance.

Not all of us fatties (I am a dress size 20) enjoy being 'dominated' for fun. Some of us like to be treated as normal women. Just because I am large I don't want to be put in a half nelson and made to submit, I'd like to be seduced in the normal way. I also get irritated by ladies fashions. Slim girls can buy sexy things, but when it comes to our section what do you find? Sweatshirts and baggy trousers may be fashionable in some places, but they certainly aren't sexy. But that is really beside the point. What I, and many other larger girls need is a man like my last boyfriend Mike (name changed).

He treated my body with reverence, rubbing my large boobs with as much care as those 'champagne glass' ones on skinny models. When he had me, it was with gentleness, enjoying me, caressing me and loving me before he slid into my moist vagina. His fingers were expert and he could touch me as if he were handling delicate porcelain. When I felt his light fingertips down there I would go all gooey inside just as soon as he touched me. And the way he kissed my nipples was simply sensational. I can remember the warm breath on them even now, some 12 months later. I'm sure I'm not the only big girl who likes to be treated this way. So fellows give us a break. Less wrestling and more sexiness please.

Lucy, Penkridge

We recognise the problem, Lucy. Some of the Mayfair *staff aren't as slim as they might be! However, I'm sure you and other larger girls will be glad to*

turn to page 114

Two of the Best

Best of Mayfair No 1 was a phenomenal sales success. For those readers who missed Brigitte Bardot in this unique edition we have managed to secure some additional copies at the old price of £1.90 (including post and plain packaging). *Best of Mayfair No 2* is also still available. It's 196 pages, packed with more of our sensational girls – Barry Sheene's girlfriend Stephanie is just one – fascinating features, cartoons and fiction. *Best of Mayfair No 2* costs £2.00 (including p & p). Don't miss these superb collector's editions. Send off the coupon now!

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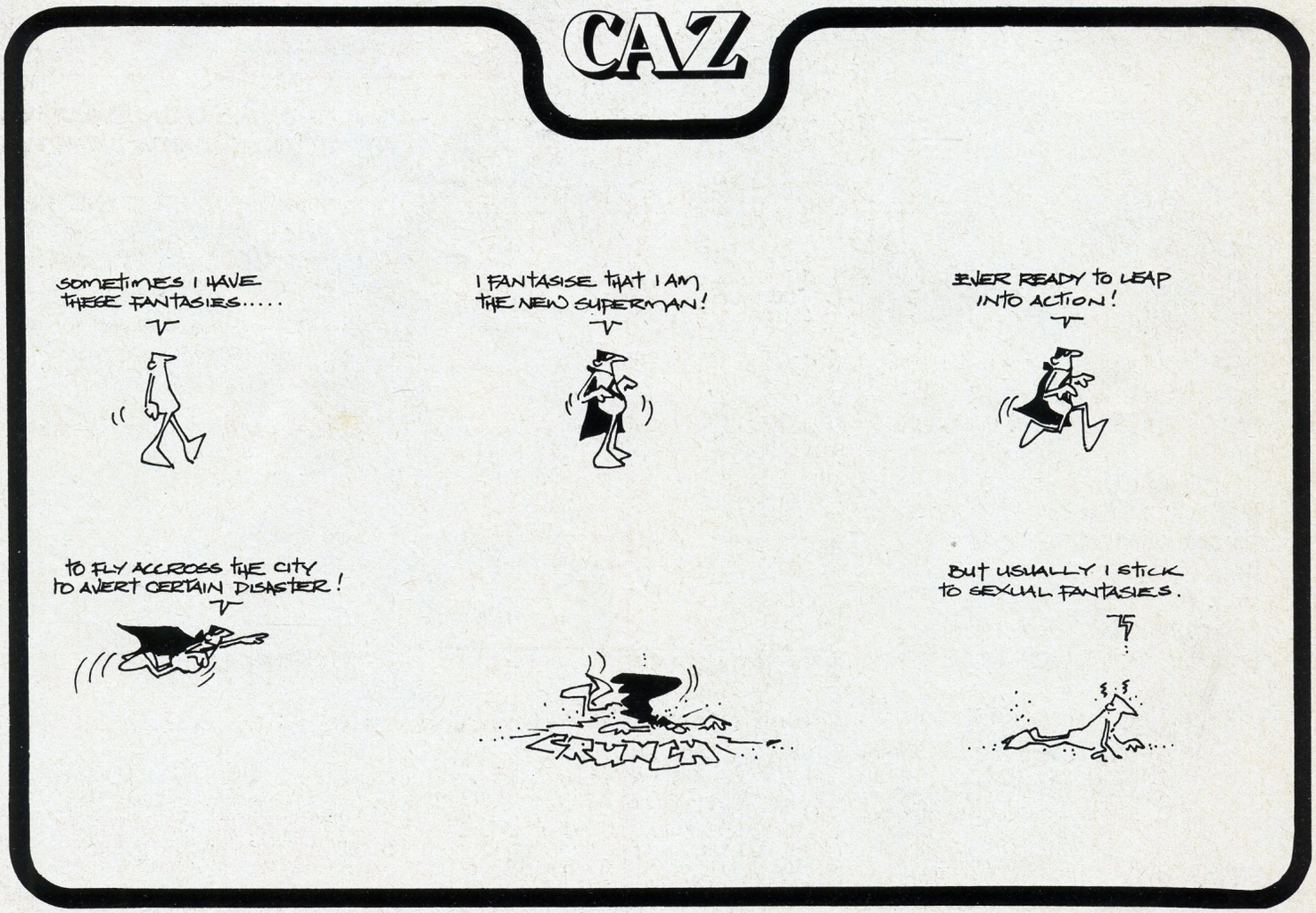
LETTERS

continued from page 112
hear that our sexy fashions are available in sizes up to a 42 inch bust.

My wife and I are Italian and very much enjoy your magazine. We frequently read the letters and Quest in bed, and my wife responds like a tigress.
I have many happy memories since our marriage but the one I am going to tell you about took place before then when I had an affair with a student.
The girl was living in my neighbourhood. Her mother was about 40-years-old and a widow. I shall call her Rita. Her daughter Jo (name changed) had a magnificent body and I was helping her study maths. In fact, this was more often an excuse to meet her. One day I came around and Rita told me that Jo wasn't in but would be back soon, so she invited me in. She was wearing a tight teeshirt with a deep cleavage that revealed a good deal more of her boobs than it concealed. The sight of those voluptuous breasts and her lovely legs in a short A-line skirt was too much. I was aching to feel those boobs and bottom.
She disappeared briefly into the kitchen and returned with two cups of coffee, leaned over as she put it down on the table. Then as she sat down I saw her skirt ride up right to the top of her thighs, and stay there. I didn't know whether it was accidental or arranged that way. Either way, I didn't mind. My mouth went dry as a desk blotter when I saw her transparent yellow knickers. There it was staring me right in the face – as plain as if she wasn't wearing any at all.
She kept talking about Jo's lessons but I just kept staring at that cute fanny. Then she caught me looking and gave me a sly smile and shifted her legs so that I had a better view. I could even see her nipples hardening beneath her top.
For a long time nothing happened but then I couldn't stand it any more so I leapt up, and flung her on to the ground. She held out her arms to me and we kissed wildly. First her lips, then her neck then down the front of her blouse to the top of her heaving breasts. I removed her teeshirt and I'm happy to say she had no bra. Her breasts were wonderful, firm with taut little nipples, heavier than her daughter's of course. I kneaded and pumped at them slowly until her nipples were fully erect. I lowered my face until one of them hit me on the chin. I parted my lips to kiss the very tip of it before opening my mouth wider to suck it, pulling hard at the puckered surface. Then I turned to the other one, and popped it inside my mouth.
Next I moved down to her skirt. I opened the button, and then pulled at the zipper. Opening it at the waist, her yellow knicks appeared. She lifted her hips from the carpet and I worked the skirt and pants down over the saucy curve of her buttocks. For the first time I saw her magnificent bottom. It was full and mature, hard and soft at the same time. In a moment she was writhing with pleasure.
I worked my hand into the crack between those cheeks and ran two fingers into it. Then I slipped them in, lifting her towards me, and pumping at the same time. She shuddered. I was staring straight at her fanny. The pink lips were puffy and ready, their dampness already darkening the glossy hairs that ringed them. I moved down, and plunged between them, my tongue cramming inside her. She humped her buttocks high off the carpet then suddenly cried, 'Oh please, fuck me, fuck me quickly.' So I took off my clothes, and pushed home in one slick, slithering thrust. She bellowed, driving her fingers into my bottom, pulling me hard into her. I pumped and pumped until we came simultaneously. We clung together then subsided and returned to earth and each other.
We made love in other ways until Jo returned. By the time I got home, I could hardly stand.
MS, Teheran, Iran

I thought I would add to your graffiti file with one I saw in a railway station. It was a quaint old station serviced by singularly decrepid DMU's (diesel multiple unit trains). In the toilet is said in bold letters '83 is the age of the train – and some are even older.'
L Rees, Swansea

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ